

SPEED SYSTEM DRIVES GIRL FROM HER HOME

Margaret Shaw is not yet 16, though she has worked in factories for quite a little while. Her last job was with C. W. Braithwaite Co., 612 Canad street, who hired her at \$6.50 a week and discharged her at the end of the first week because "she wasn't fast enough" when they tried to speed her up.

This way the first job Margaret had lost for such a reason and she didn't know how to break the news to her parents, so she concluded Thursday night when she took her pay envelope home, she wouldn't say anything about it—at least—not yet.

Friday morning did not find her with any more courage, so she left her home at 2639 W. 23d street at the usual hour, and walked the streets all day.

But she hadn't any more courage Friday night—in fact, she had less. The more she thought over the "disgrace" of being fired, the more terrible it seemed and the less possible to tell about it.

So she started out again at the usual time on Saturday morning. But she had a definite purpose on Saturday. There wasn't any use hunting a job; she couldn't find one. Neither could she keep on going out in the morning and returning home at night unless there was a job. Neither could she tell about the "disgrace."

So she was running away.

She rode on a car as far as La-Grange, then she walked aimlessly along the country road until she grew hungry.

Hunger is a condition that justifies any expedient to relieve, so Margaret accosted a farmer, found she was in Napierville, Ill., told him a story of being an orphan without a home, in fact, elaborated the story so well that before she finished she had provided herself a regular Cinderella role, minus the stepmother. Her sisters

had sold the furniture and hadn't given her a cent of the money, she had no where to go and she didn't know what she would do. The farmer, Anthony Fender, was so deeply touched that he took Margaret to his home and placed her in the tender care of his wife until he could investigate her story.

Meanwhile, Margaret's family, and especially her mother, were worrying over her absence and had notified the police, but no trace of Margaret could be found and the disappearance threatened to become the usual mystery, when homesickness prompted the little girl—for a girl of 16 is still a "little girl"—to write to her cousin and asked that the cousin "let the folks know."

Tuesday morning Mrs. Walsh conveyed the glad tidings that she knew where Margaret was to the police. They informed her that Juvenile Officer Wm. McDermott was in charge of the case, but a telegram would be sent to Napperville to get further information and a detective would be sent for the girl.

At 12 o'clock, Mrs. Shaw, growing impatient for news, telephoned to the police and was told her daughter would be in the Juvenile Court at 2 o'clock.

However, Margaret wasn't there then, and McDermott, when finally located, said something about it "costing \$30" and "legal complications" and other airy nothings which convinced the mother that if she wanted Margaret she would have to make the trip herself.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Shaw brought Margaret home.

Eastern lawmakers are considering a revision of the criminal code to provide suitable penalty for egg stealing.

New Haven railroad directors say they're sorry that dividend had to be passed up. It's a cinch they are not half as sorry as the stockholders.